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TREAT ALL ALIKE.

WHILE THE FACT that one man violates the law does not furnish a valid excuse for another violator of the law, The Herald believes the saloon keepers of Salt Lake are right in their demand that the sale of intoxicants everywhere be suppressed on Sunday. No matter who the offender is he should be made to cease his offending or pay the penalty.

It is a matter of common report that several of the Salt Lake drug stores sell intoxicants without any city license whatever. If this is true, their owners should be prosecuted. They have no right to sell whiskey or other alcoholic, vinous or malt beverages any day in the week.

A legal question has arisen as to the right of restaurants to sell intoxicants in connection with food on Sunday. That is a matter which will require adjudication by a court of competent jurisdiction. It should be adjudicated at once. If the restaurant keepers are violating the law, and they claim they are not, their punishment should be no less than that of the saloon keeper.

One of the saloon men states the case very clearly when he says: "We want to close on Sunday, but we ask also that the other places be closed the same as we are. If they have a right to keep open, then we think we have a right to do so. If they are closed we are perfectly willing to close and stay closed on Sunday. It is simply fair play that we want. We propose to have a voice in the matter if possible, and will take some steps at a meeting to be held Tuesday night toward that end."

A matter that came up for discussion at a meeting of the saloon keepers, held Tuesday night, is also worthy of attention. As they claim to have low power known as "the saloon bum" was a topic for debate. It was the unanimous opinion of those present that the "bum" should be discouraged in every way possible.

Everybody knows this individual. He hangs around the saloons all day and all night, mouthing his opinions and drinking whenever patrons of the saloons ask him. Blear-eyed, unshaven, unkempt, bloated, repulsive, it is high time that some measure were taken to rid the city of this most undesirable element. There is a very slight differentiation between the common "saloon bum" and the habitual criminal.

Such fellows never do an hour's honest work and yet they seem to live comfortably enough. As they cannot live honestly they must live dishonestly, and it is a fact beyond the possibility of doubt that many a crime is hatched by these fellows in saloons where they have been permitted to congregate. The proprietors are to be congratulated on their determination to throw them out.

DEMOCRATS, GET TOGETHER.

IT IS A GREAT PITY that more such Democratic gatherings as that held at Saltair on Tuesday are not assembled. In the course of a year very few opportunities are given to loyal party men and women to meet together, away from the heat and the turmoil of political strife, for social purposes only. If Democrats understood each other better there would be much less of the misunderstandings and the aggressions that cause dissensions and lead to disaster at the polls.

People who understand the situation will not deny that when the Democratic party is united it is nearly always victorious in Salt Lake county, in the state and in the nation. The best way to unite a party is to bring its adherents together on a friendly equality. Men and women who break bread together, who talk and walk and dance together, are not very apt to be enemies.

Democratic day at Saltair was a success, therefore, in every respect. Old and young members of the party were there from various sections of the state, Salt Lake, of course, contributing the largest proportion of the total. Those who saw the little groups and the big groups talking or eating or bathing together could not but be better pleased with the outlook for the fall campaign.

IRRIGATION IN UTAH.

SEVERAL PAGES of a recently issued census report are devoted to irrigation in Utah. Preceding the figures showing the number of irrigators in this state and the amount of land tributary to their ditches and canals, is a resume of the beginning of the work here. More than one-half of Utah, as is well known, belongs to the Great Basin, the bed of the great inland sea which once extended from the western boundary of Utah across Nevada to the Sierras in California.

"A peculiar interest is attached to the Great Basin in Utah," says the report, "from the fact that it is the location of the first irrigation enterprise of considerable importance in the arid west by the Anglo-Saxons. In 1847 the Mormon pioneers turned the waters of City creek upon the parched soil of Salt Lake valley. These pioneers came from the middle west, and were wholly unacquainted with irrigation. Their hardships were numerous and severe in the first years of their settlement. The

development of agriculture and irrigation in this valley presents the best example of the value of co-operation in the construction of irrigation works and in the distribution of water.

"Agriculture by the Mormons was intensive, the tendency from the first being to restrict the areas and to establish small communities. Naturally, the scanty water supply influenced this form of farming in no slight degree. The valley in which the first settlement was made continues to hold first place in the state, in points of population, wealth and agricultural development. More than one-third of the population resides in this section. In 1839 the value of the land and buildings was nearly 30 per cent, and the value of products more than 25 per cent of that reported for the whole state."

A table which shows the irrigation population by counties is furnished in connection with the report. An idea of the growth of irrigation is obtained from the fact that in 1839 there were just 9,734 farmers who raised crops by diverting water upon their land, and in 1899 17,924 of them had adopted this method. The total acreage in 1899 was 629,293, as compared with 263,473 in 1839.

An interesting study is afforded in the acreage by counties and the number of irrigators. In Salt Lake county 2,110 irrigators till 54,598 acres; in Utah county 2,675 irrigators have 74,872 acres under cultivation. Cache county stands third, with 1,582 irrigators and 68,658 acres. Sanpete, with 1,550 irrigators and 61,490 acres, isn't so very far behind in farmers and is ahead of both Salt Lake and Cache in the total acreage. The only other county with more than 1,000 irrigators is Weber, with 1,417 to 37,111 acres of ground.

The report continues: "Of the 686,374 acres in crops, 537,588 acres, or 78.3 per cent, were irrigated. The crops produced on irrigated land were, hay and forage, 230,678 acres, or 45.5 per cent of the total; cereals, 165,969 acres, or 30.9 per cent; vegetables, 15,684 acres, or 2.9 per cent; orchard fruits, 16,013 acres, or 3 per cent; other crops, 3,244 acres, or 1.7 per cent. The value of irrigated crops was, total, \$7,462,370; hay and forage, \$3,654,114; cereals, \$1,940,012; vegetables, \$840,514; orchard fruits, \$261,155; other crops, \$766,275. The principal crops represented in the value of 'other crops' were sugar beets, \$365,163; flowers and nursery products, \$194,577; grass seed, \$114,238. Of the total irrigated area, 624,188 acres were watered from streams by gravity diversion ditches and 5,177 acres were irrigated from wells. The total cost of construction of the well systems was \$142,996."

PIONEER DAY.

A DISTINCTLY UTAH holiday is to be celebrated today, a holiday near to the hearts of the descendants of that little caravan that, from the mouth of Emigration canyon, fifty-five years ago today looked out upon the promised land. For months those pioneers had wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way. Beseet by the pangs of thirst and hunger, terrorized by savage Indians, they had fought their way almost inch by inch, across the trackless mountains to the valley of the Jordan.

It didn't look much like a garden spot, this valley which is now the admiration and the wonder of all who come to see it; but the pioneers called it home. Fifty-five years ago it was home in name only; today it is home in all that the sacred word implies. It is well to keep the memory of this brave company green by annual celebrations. If ever a people deserved loyalty and honor at the hands and hearts of their children, these do.

Secretary Shaw denies that he ever said that heads of departments in the government service lost their usefulness after five years of continuous work. The Herald is glad to print the denial. If the interview had really been given Secretary Shaw must have passed into history as a strangely incompetent judge of the average man's tenure of executive life.

Senator Hanna is going to fight any proposition for the appointment of General Leonard Wood to a place on the isthmian canal commission. He bases his hostility on Wood's refusal to pardon Hamilton's friend Rathbone, after the latter had been convicted of stealing postal funds. Most of us will consider this a decided recommendation for Wood.

Chief Devine doubtless appreciates very highly the invitation to respond to the address of welcome at the convention of fire chiefs to be held in New York late in September. On this occasion, by a simple substitution of words, he will have a chance to work off his speech accepting the Republican nomination for congress.

A local contemporary, which speaks proudly of the alleged success of the Republican county officials, overlooks the fact that a Democratic treasurer and a Democratic auditor, have been there all this time to keep the Republicans straight.

Surveyor General Perrault of Idaho has a most disagreeable habit of bobbing up after everybody had thought he was pushed under for good. He is trying now to have his case re-opened, for he isn't satisfied with being thrown down the stairway once.

An Illinois woman lost her life Tuesday while trying to save her dog. And the chances are that the canine was worth not to exceed 20 cents.

Well, tomorrow night, if we sit up late enough, we'll know who won the battle of July 25.

Sarcasm That Failed.

He is such a little man—only 3 years old—yet he insists upon intruding his presence and advice upon his elders, often to their intense annoyance. It was only a few days ago that his mother and his Aunt Belle were discussing some household problem—something which an infant was not supposed to know anything about. Suddenly Cliff appeared on the scene and in a moment was informing both of the feminine members of the family just what the facts were. "Oh, wisdom, when did you arrive?" exclaimed Aunt Belle, thinking she might be able to squelch the youngster. "Just come dis mink," replied the little one in the best of badinage, "sarcasm. And Aunt Belle gave it up as a hopeless case."

Society

A wedding in which a large number of Salt Laker were interested took place last evening at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Emma Mooney. The contracting parties were Miss Carrie Mooney and Mr. Eugene Kahn, a son of the late Colonel Samuel Kahn, and a nephew of Emanuel Kahn, who has been so well known in Salt Lake's business circles. The ceremony was performed at 5 o'clock by the Rev. J. Jacobson, an uncle of the groom, who came from Shreveport, La., to officiate. During the ceremony Mrs. O'Connor played the Mendelssohn "Wedding March," softening the strains for the time and sending forth the triumphant song as the sacred service ended. The bride and groom stood under a canopy of asparagus plumosa, studded with carnations and sweet peas, and before a background of ferns and palms. The bride was attended by Miss Essie Morris of Helena, as bridesmaid, and Mr. Henry Kahn, the brother of the groom, was the best man. Preceding the ceremony ropes of smiles were stretched from the stairway to the canopy forming an aisle, which was held in place by Madeline and Ernest Weitz, Fannie and Laella Jacobson, Irma Bornman and Arlene Hooper. After the ceremony the guests, who were all relatives of the bride and groom, enjoyed a wedding supper in the dining room, which was decorated in tasteful and charming manner.

The bride wore an exquisite gown of satin striped chiffon over white tulle, with a sash of heavy satin. She carried a shower bouquet of roses and lilies, and the bridesmaid wore a dress of white silk, and carried a large bouquet of pink roses. The young couple received many handsome and costly presents which will adorn their new home. Mr. and Mrs. Kahn left last night for a trip to the coast. They will be at home after Sept. 1 at 316 South Third East street.

A very pretty wedding was that of Miss Isabelle Schofield of this city and Mr. Claud Leavitt Delong of Omaha, which took place at 8:30 last evening at the home of the bride's parents. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. C. E. Perkins of St. Paul's church, and was witnessed by only the relatives of the bride and groom. The bride was attended by Miss Claudia Schofield as bridesmaid, and Mr. George Lucas was the best man. The young couple stood in the window of the front parlor before a panel of green and white. White flowers were banded on mantels and the ceremony was held in the dining room, which was decorated in yellow. Coffee was served by Mrs. William Farnsworth, and Miss Tempest served punch at a daintily arranged table on the porch. The dining room, where a wedding supper was served immediately after the ceremony, was decorated with fragrant nasturtiums and a charge of Miss Althea Wheeler. Miss Wheeler was assisted by the Misses Zella Schofield, Bessie Croxall, Grace Tempest and Maud Wheeler.

The bride wore a handsome going-away gown, tailor-made, of pale gray princess cloth. She carried a large bouquet of bride's roses. Her sister and bridesmaid, Miss Isabelle, wore a dainty gown of pale green over white, and carried pink roses. Mr. and Mrs. Delong left last night on the late train for Omaha, where they will make their home.

Judge and Mrs. Morris Sommer, Miss Louise Bergh and Master Armande Lork in Provo canyon, where they have spent a most delightful vacation.

No social programme has been arranged for guests of the yesterday party, but a buffet luncheon will be served from 12:30 till 2:30 o'clock, and a table d'hôte dinner at 6:30.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Tibbals entertained about twenty-four guests at dinner last night.

Miss Elsinor Moody entertained a party of young people at the lake last night in honor of Miss Lockhart of Colorado Springs.

Mrs. H. C. Ross was the hostess at a very delightful and informal luncheon yesterday, given in honor of Miss Lillian Kingdon of St. Louis. Ten guests were present.

Miss Lockhart of Colorado Springs was the guest of honor at a charmingly appointed informal luncheon given at the Country Club yesterday by Miss Anna McCormick. Covers were laid for twelve.

Mrs. L. E. Hall was the hostess at an informal afternoon affair yesterday given in honor of her mother, Mrs. Hood, who is her guest.

The Daughters of the Utah Pioneers will meet this afternoon at the home of Mrs. John Silver.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Megath entertained at an informal affair last evening in honor of Miss Mills, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fife. The game of the evening was duplicate whist, and the guests numbered about twenty-five.

Miss Amy Pike goes to Provo this morning, where she will be the guest of the Misses Bachman for the next two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Mulford, Miss Mulford and the Misses Hays of Salt Lake are spending a week at South Fork in Provo canyon.

Mr. and Mrs. James Deitrick, who have been visiting the Thousand Isles and Niagara, leave Montreal today for a yachting trip along the Atlantic coast as far south as Old Point Comfort, where they will spend the coming month.

Mrs. H. Lawrence of New York, sister of Mr. John Pike, is in the city, and will be the guest of the coming month of her relatives here.

Mrs. J. R. Letcher returned yesterday from an eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Farrington expect to leave very soon for California, where they will make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Clawson and family will go to Brighton today for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Copp returned last night from their wedding trip. They will be at home temporarily at 208 West Second South street.

Mrs. Susa Y. Gates, who is at present in Copenhagen, cables that she will remain in England for the coronation ceremonies.

Captain Frank J. Killen of the police department of Buffalo, N. Y., and Margaret Killen Mooney are visiting their brother, James Killen, 247 West Fifth South.

Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Whitney leave this morning for Holiday park, Weber canyon, to remain for from four to six weeks.

New York Weekly: "Don't you have difficulty remembering the streets where passengers want to get off?"

Street Car Conductor—Not at all. The only difficulty I have is to find out where women, and they always select fashionable corners, and walk the rest of the way.

THE VINCENNES

BY MAURICE THOMPSON

CHAPTER IX.

The Honors of War.

Gaspard Roussillon was thoroughly acquainted with the meaning of the word "honor," and he knew all the means so successfully and so long used by French missionaries and traders to control savage character, but the emergency now upon him was startling and confused him. The fact that he had taken a solemn oath of allegiance to the American government could have been pushed aside lightly enough upon pressing occasion, but he knew that certain confidential agents left in Vincennes by Governor Abbott had, upon the arrival of Helm, gone to Detroit, and he knew they had carried with them a full report of all that had happened in the church of St. Xavier, when Father Gilaubert called the people together, and at the fort, when Helm had been hauled down and the banner of Alice Roussillon run up in its place. His expansive imagination did full credit to itself in exaggerating the importance of his part in the banding of the rebels. And what would Hamilton think of this? Would he consider it treason? The question certainly bore a tragic suggestion.

M. Roussillon lacked everything of being a coward, and treachery had no rightful place in his nature. He was, however, so in the habit of fighting with his hands and feet, that he could not at first glance see any sudden presentment with a normal vision. He had no love for Englishmen and he did not like them, but he naturally thought that Helm's talk of fighting Hamilton was, as his own would have been in a like case, talk and nothing more. The fort, he thought, was in a bad way, he knew. Then what? Ah, he but too well realized the result.

Resistance would inflame the English soldiers and madden the Indians. There would be a massacre, and the belts of savages would sag with bloody scalps. He shrugged his shoulders and felt a chill creep up his back.

The first thing M. Roussillon did was to see Father Beret and take counsel of him; then he hurried home to gig a great pit under his kitchen floor in which he buried many bales of "fur" and other valuable articles. He worked like a giant beaver all night long. Meantime Father Beret went about over the town quietly notifying the inhabitants to be on their guard, and to remain in their houses until after the fort should surrender, which he was sure would happen the next day.

You will be perfectly safe, my children," he said to them. "No harm can come to you if you follow my directions."

Relying implicitly upon him, they scrupulously obeyed in every particular.

He did not think it necessary to call at Roussillon place, having already given M. Roussillon the best advice he could command.

Just at the earliest break of day, while yet the gloom of night scarcely felt the sun's approach, a huge figure made haste along the narrow streets in the direction of the fort. It was a person had been looking out through the little holes, called windows, in those silent and rayless huts, it would have been easy to recognize M. Roussillon by his stature, dimly outlined as he was. A thought, which seemed to him an inspiration of genius, had taken possession of him and was leading him, as if by a nose, straight away to Hamilton's lines. He was frantically eloquent for the ear of that commander, and as he strode along facing the crisp morning air he was rehearsing under his breath the points of his argument, and he was rehearsing his peroration in tragic whispers with sweeping gestures and liberal facial contortions. So absorbed was he in his oratorical soliloquy that he forgot due military precaution and plunged into the face of a savage picket guard who, without respect for the great M. Roussillon's dignity, sprang up before him, crumpled and spoke to him in a tone of exceedingly guttural Indian:

"Wah, surrender."

It is probable that no man ever commended with a modest request in a more docile spirit than M. Roussillon did upon that occasion. In fact, his promptness must have been admirable, for the savage granted approval and straightway conducted him to Hamilton's headquarters on a batteau in the river. The British commander, a hale man of sandy complexion and probably under middle age, was in no very pleasant mood. He looked at M. Roussillon with a misanthropic eye, and he was understood by the chief of his Indian allies, so that a premature exposure of his approach had been made to the enemy.

"Well, sir, who are you?" he gruffly demanded, when M. Roussillon loomed before him.

"I am Gaspard Roussillon, the mayor of Vincennes," was the lofty reply. "I have come to tell you officially that my people greet you loyally and that my town is freely at your command. He felt as important as if his statement had been true.

"Humph, you have my congratulations, but I should prefer seeing the military commander and accepting his surrender. What account can you give me of the American forces, their numbers and condition?"

Mr. Roussillon winced, inwardly, at least, under Hamilton's very undeferential air and address. He plucked him cruelly to be treated as a person without the slightest claim to respect. He somehow forgot the rolling and rhythmic eloquence prepared for the occasion.

"The American commander naturally would not confide in me, Monsieur le Gouverneur, not at all; we are not very friendly," he stammered, and he offered me," he was coughing and stammering.

"Oh, the devil! what do I care? Answer my question, sir," Hamilton gruffly interrupted, "tell me the number of American troops at the fort, sir."

"I don't know exactly. I have not had admittance to the fort. I might be deceived by the numbers; but they're strong, I believe. Monsieur le Gouverneur, at least they make a great show and much noise."

Hamilton eyed the huge bulk before him for a moment, then turning to a subaltern said:

"Place this fellow under guard and see that he doesn't get away. Send word that I wish to see him at once."

The interview thereupon closed abruptly. Hamilton's emissaries had given him a detailed account of M. Roussillon's share in submitting Vincennes to rebel domination, and he was not in the least inclined toward treating him graciously.

I would suggest to you, Monsieur le Gouverneur, that my official position demands," M. Roussillon began; but he was fastened upon by two guards, who roughly hustled him aft and bound him so rigidly that he could scarcely move finger or toe.

Hamilton smiled coldly and turned to give some orders to a stalwart, ruddy young officer who in a canoe had just hauled up the batteau.

"Captain Farnsworth," he said, acknowledging the military salute, "you will take fifty men and make every thing ready for a reconnaissance in the direction of the fort. We will move down the river immediately and choose a place to land. Move lively, we have no time to lose."

In the meantime Beverly slipped away from the fort and made a hurried call upon Alice at Roussillon place.

There was not much they could say to each other during the few moments at command. Alice showed very little excitement; her past experience had fortified her against the alarms of frontier life; but she understood and perfectly appreciated the situation.

"What are you going to do?" Beverly demanded in sheer despair. He was not able to see any gleam of hope out of the blackness which had fallen around him and into his soul.

"What shall we do?" he repeated. "Take the chances of war," she said, smiling grimly. "It will all come out well, no doubt."

"I hope so, but—but I fear not." His face was gray with trouble. "Helm is determined to fight, and that means—"

"Good!" she interrupted with spirit. "I am so glad that I wish I could go to help him! If I were a man I'd love to fight. I think it's just delightful."

"But it is reckless bravado; it is worse than foolhardiness," said Beverly, not feeling her mood. "What can two or three men do against an army?"

"Fight and die like men," she replied, her whole countenance lighting up. "Be heroic!"

"We will do that, of course; we—I do not fear death; but you—you—" His voice choked him.

"I am sure you will come out clear in the distance, and he did not finish speaking. "That's probably the beginning," he added in a moment, extending both hands to her. "Goodbye, I must hurry to the fort."

She drew a quick breath and turned so white that her lips looked like wax. A sudden and hard blow. He stood for a moment, his mind reeling. "My God, Alice, I cannot, cannot leave you!" he cried, his voice again breaking huskily.

She made a little movement, as if to take hold of his hands; but in an instant she stepped back a pace and said: "Don't fear about me. I can take care of myself. I'm all right. You'd better return to the fort as quickly as you can. It is your country, your flag, not me, that you must think of now."

She folded her arms and stood boldly erect.

Never before, in all his life, had he felt such a rebuke. He gave her a straight, strong look in the eyes.

"You are right, Alice," he cried, and rushed from the house to the fort. He held her rigid attitude for a little while after she heard him shut the front gate of the yard so forcibly that it broke in pieces, then she flung her arms wide, and clasped something, and ran to the door; but Beverly was out of sight. She turned and dropped into a chair. Jean came to her out of the next room. His queer little face was pale and pinched, but his jaw was set with the expression of one who has known danger and can meet it somehow.

"Are they going to scalp us?" he half whispered presently, with a shuddering lift of his distorted shoulders.

Her face was buried in her hands and she did not answer. Childlike he turned from one question to another in consequence.

"Where did Papa Roussillon go to?" he next inquired. "Is he going to fight?"

"He shook her head. "They'll tear down the fort, won't they?"

If she heard him she did not make any sign.

"They'll kill the captain and lieutenant and get the fine flag that you set so high on the fort, won't they, Alice?"

She lifted her head and gave the cowering hunchback such a stare that he shut his eyes and put up a hand, as if afraid of her. Then she impulsively took his little misshapen form in her arms and hugged it passionately. Her bright hair fell down over her face, and she hid him in a nest of her arms.

The whole town was a silent outside. Jean murmured from within the silken meshes of Alice's hair:

"In his small mind the gaudy banner was the most beautiful of all things. Every day since it was set up he had gone to gaze at it as it fluttered against the sky. The men had frequently said in his presence that the enemy would take it down if they captured the fort. Alice heard his inquisitive voice; but it seemed to come from so far off; his words were a part of the strange, wild swirl in her bosom. Beverly's look, as he turned and left her, now shook every chord of her being. He had gone to his death at her command. How strong and true and brave he was! In her imagination she saw the flag above him, saw him die like a panther at bay, saw the rays of the sun fall on his face, and she shuddered and turned to shreds by savage hands. It was the tragedy of a single moment, enacted in a flash of anticipation.

She remembered what she had said to Beverly on the night of the dance when they were standing under the flag.

"You made it and set it up," he lightly remarked; "you must see that no enemy ever gets possession of it, especially the English."

"I'll take it down and hide it when there's danger of that," she said in the same spirit.

And now she stood there looking at Jean, without seeing him, and repeated the words under her breath. "I'll take it down and hide it. They shan't have it."

Madame Roussillon began to call from the other room in a loud, complaining voice, and Alice gave no heed to her querulous demands.

"Stay here, Jean, and take care of Mamma Roussillon," she presently said to the hunchback. "I am going out; I'll be back, won't you say, leave the house while I'm gone; do you hear?"

She did not wait for his answer; but snatching a black-like cap from a peg on the wall, she put it on and hastily left the house.

Down at the fort Helm and Beverly were wide ready to resist Hamilton's attack which they knew would not be long deferred. The two heavily charged cannon were planted so as to cover the space in front of the gate, and some loaded muskets were ranged nearby ready for use.

"We'll give them one hell of a blast," growled the captain, "before they overtake us."

Beverly made no response in words; but he was preparing a bit of tinder on the end of a stick with which to fire the cannon. Not far away a little heap of logs was burning in the fort's area.

The British officer, already mentioned as at the head of the line advancing diagonally from the river's bank, halted his men at a distance of 200 yards from the fort, and seemed to be taking a deliberately careful survey of what was before him.

"Let 'em come a little nearer, lieutenant," said Helm, his jaw setting in a grimace. "When we shoot we want to hit."

"When they get to that weedy spot yonder," he added, "just opposite the little rise in the river bank, we'll turn loose on 'em."

ade, when a well known voice attracted their attention to the rear. "Any room for a feller of my size in this here crowded place?" it demanded in a cracked but cheerful tenor. "I'm kind o' outen breath a runnin' to it here."

(To be continued tomorrow.)

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